



All NEW Stories & Art

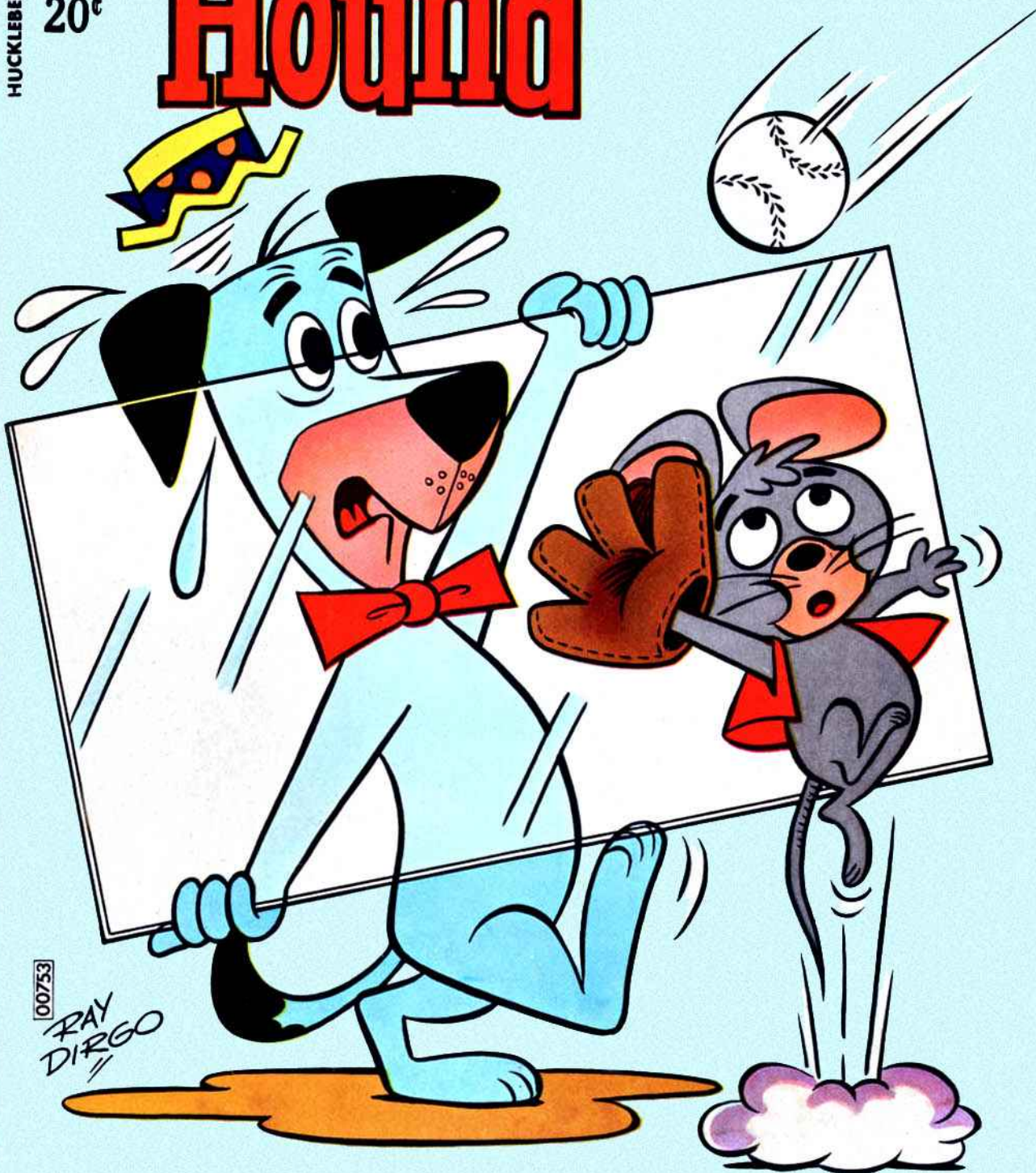


Huckleberry Hound

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

NO. 7
NOV.
CDC

20¢



00753

RAY
DIRGO

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

THIS IS GONNA
BE THE **GREATEST**
PICNIC EVER!

I SNUCK AWAY
WITHOUT **PIXIE**
AND **DIXIE** THIS TIME,
HEH HEH HEH!

**THREE'S A
CROWD**

PHIL
MENDEZ

IT'S MINE,
ALL MINE!

I BELIEVE
I'LL START OUT
WITH SOME COLD
FRIED CHICKEN!
SLURGL!

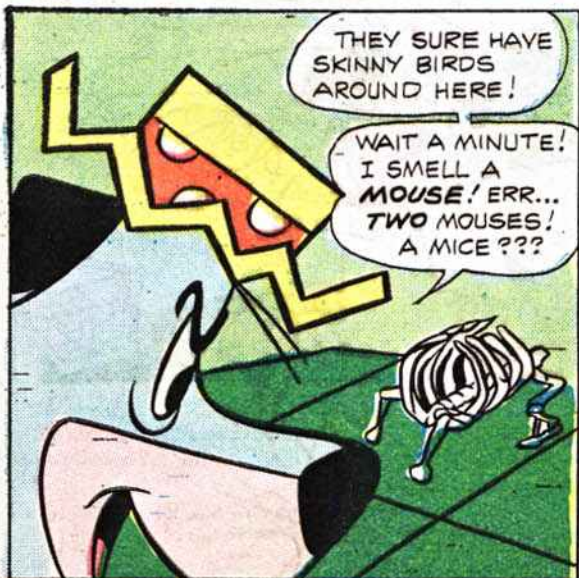
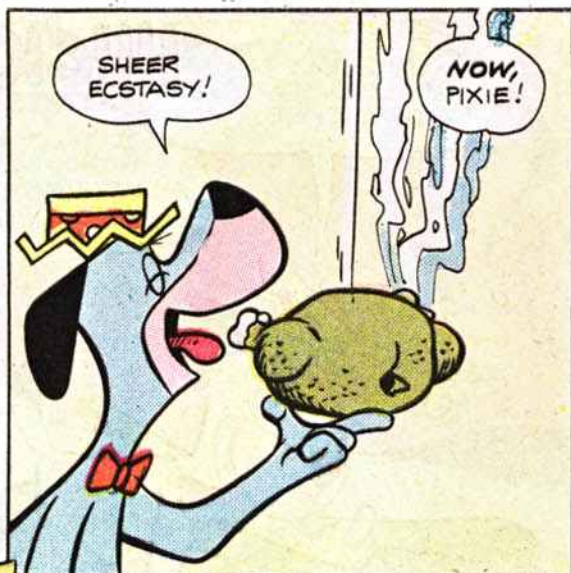
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

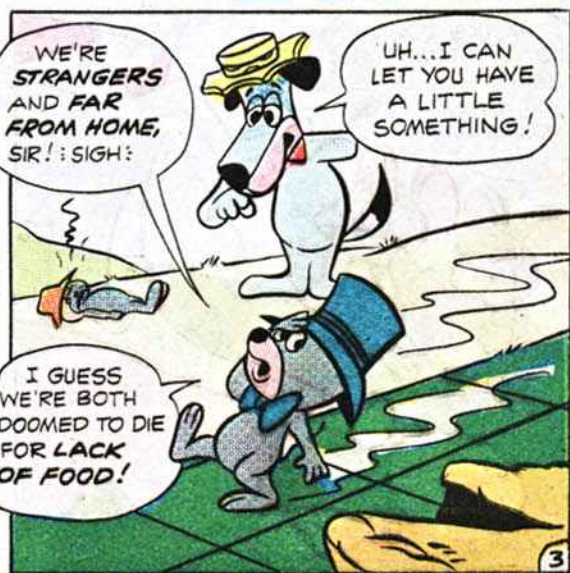
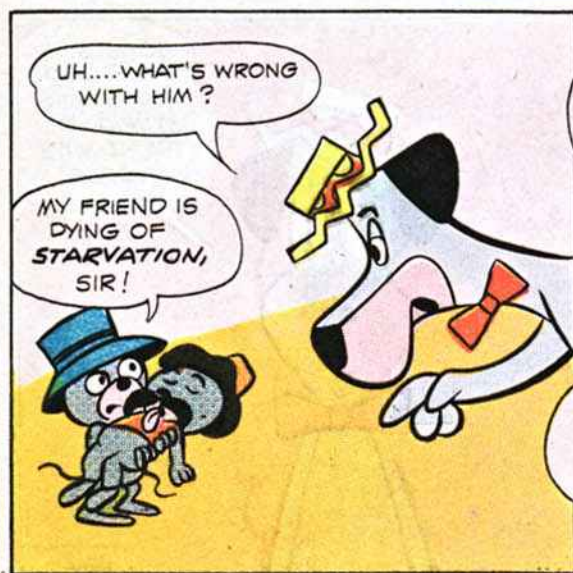
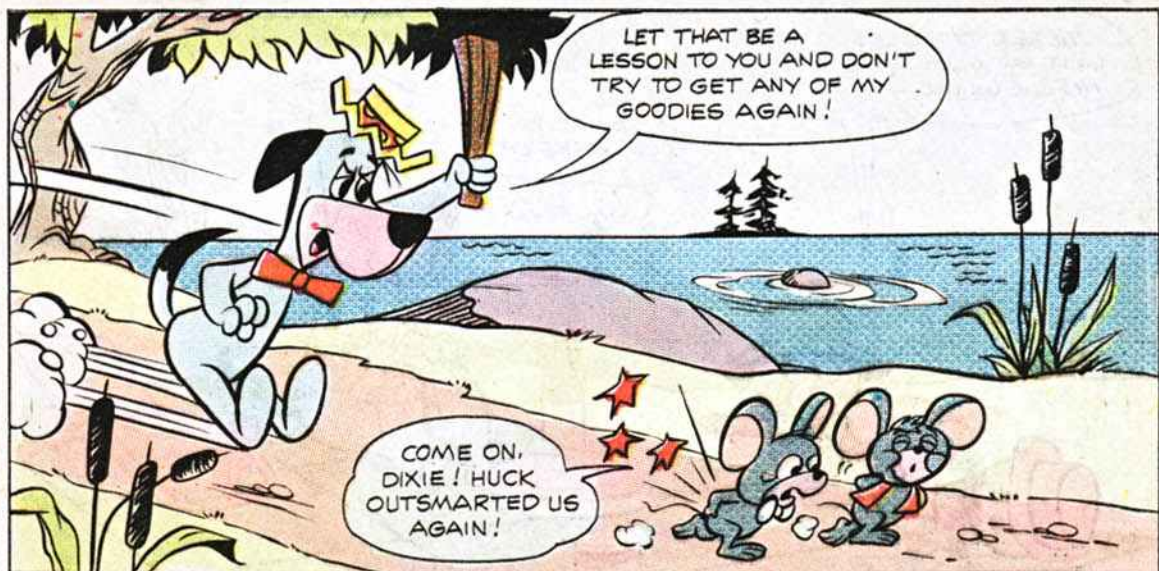
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND Vol. 2, No. 7, November, 1971,

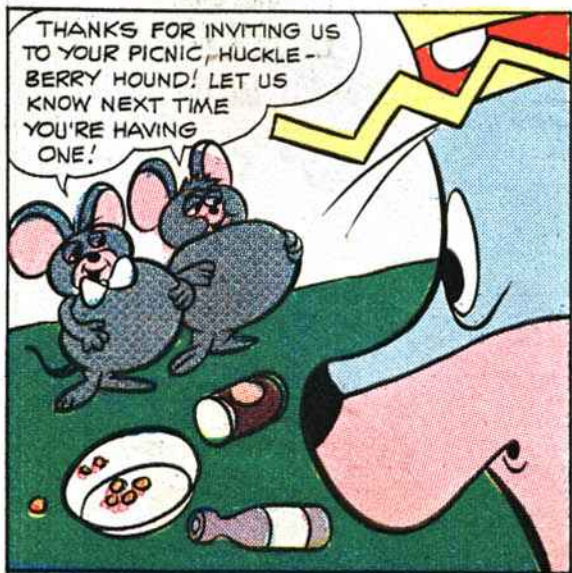
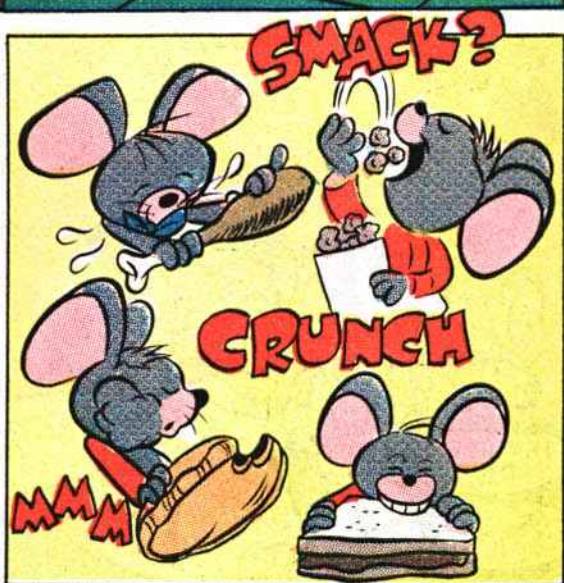
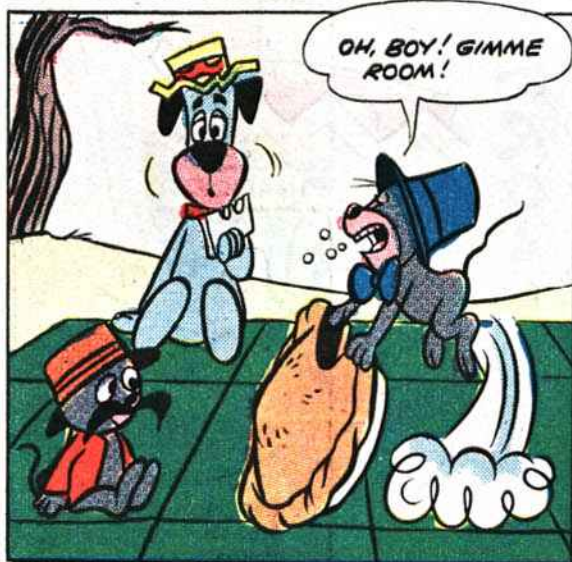
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.

This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

© 1971, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.



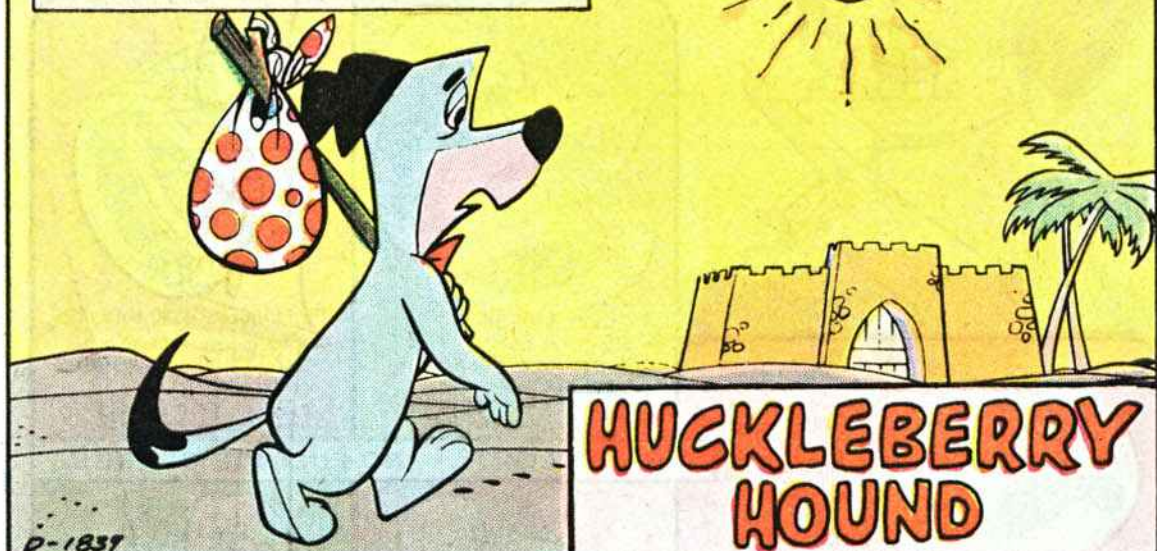




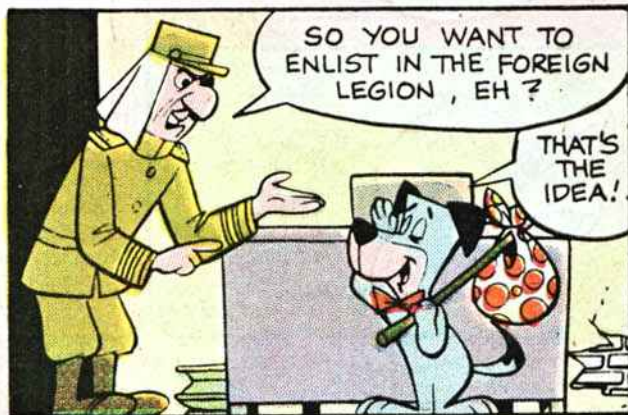
END

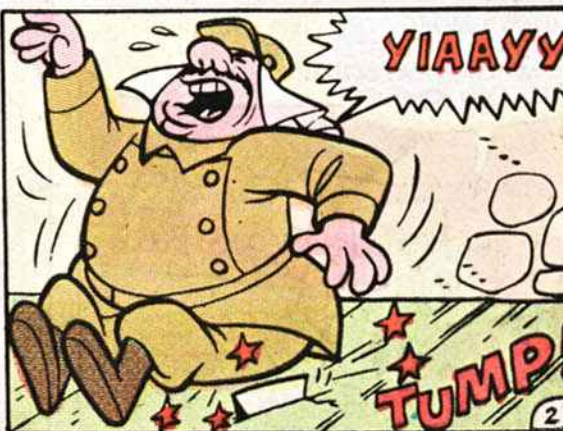
THE FOREIGN LEGION

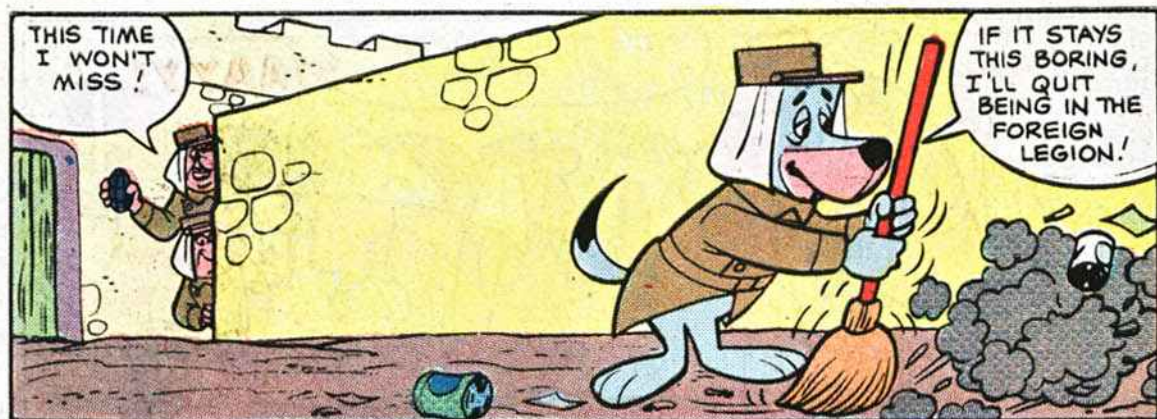
HERE HE GOES AGAIN, HUCKLEBERRY HOUND SEEKING ADVENTURE IN THE BURNING DESERT...



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND



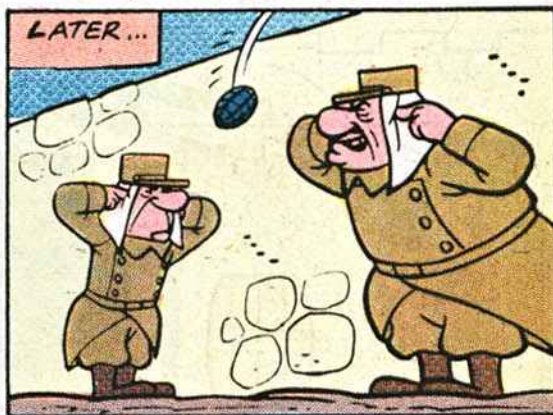
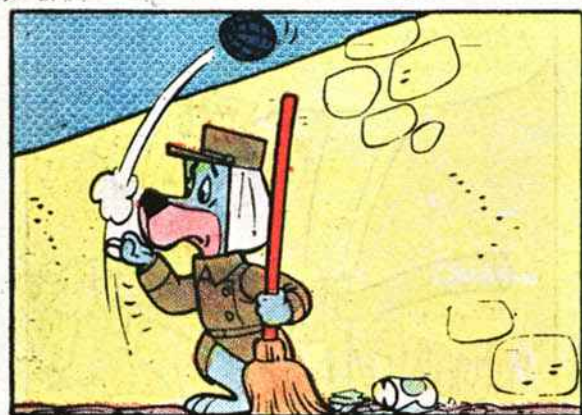




IF IT STAYS THIS BORING, I'LL QUIT BEING IN THE FOREIGN LEGION!



JEEPERS! THEY JUST THROW OLD HAND GRENADES AROUND ON THE GROUND! I'LL GET RID OF IT!



LATER...



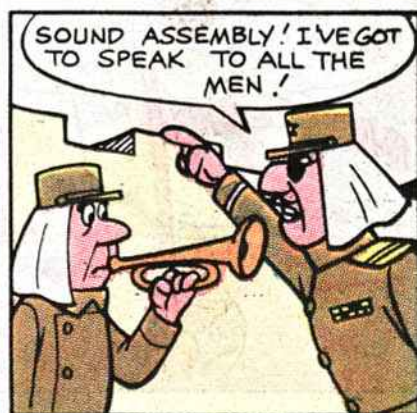
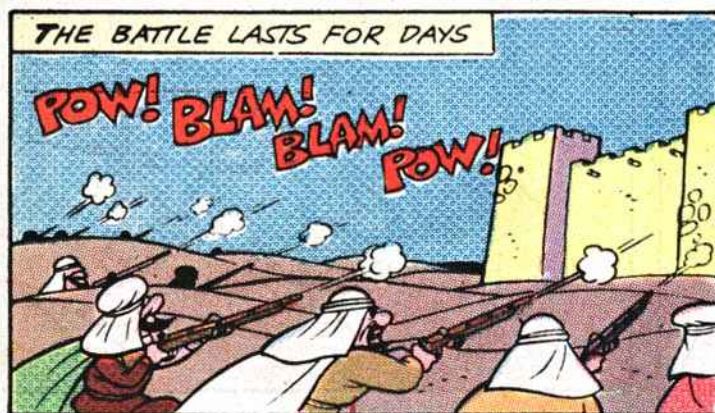
HOLY SMOKE THE OLD GRENADE WENT OFF OUTSIDE THE WALL! I'M LUCKY IT DIDN'T HURT ANYONE!

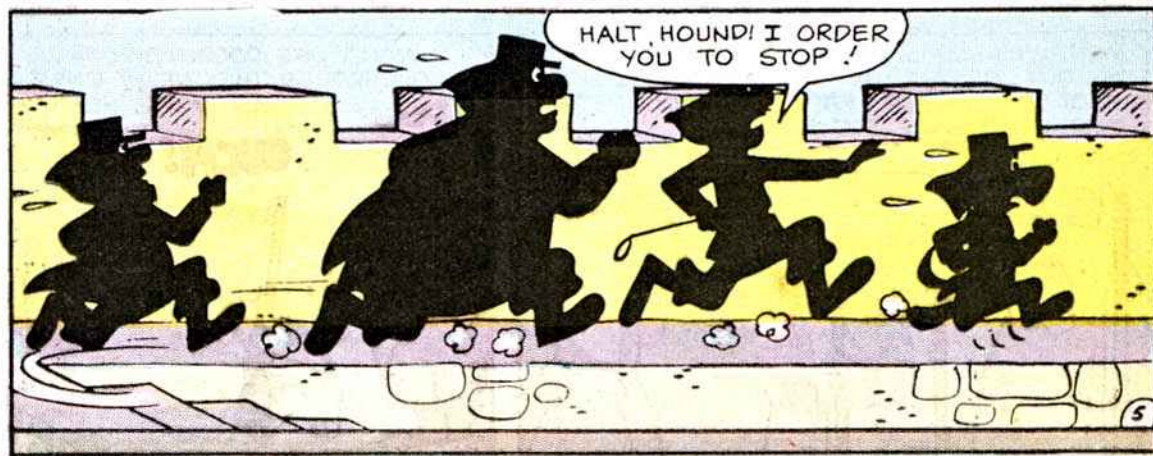
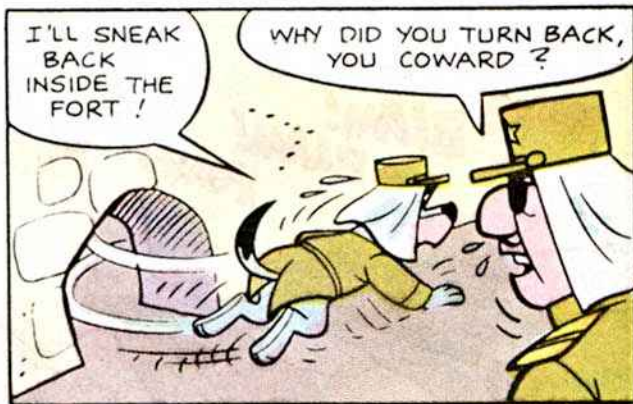
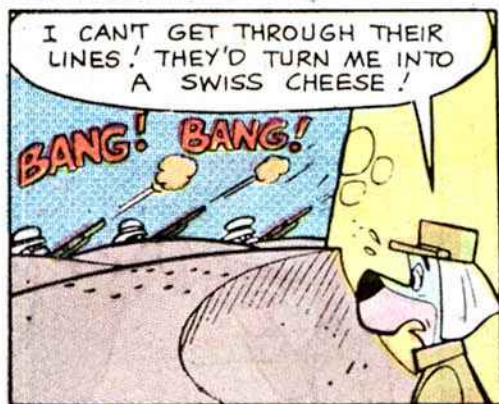
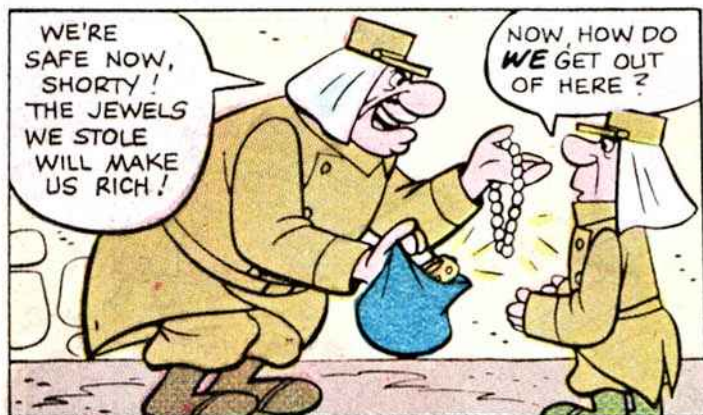
BOOM!

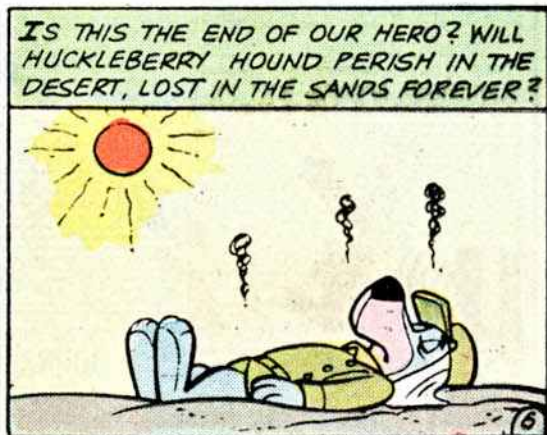
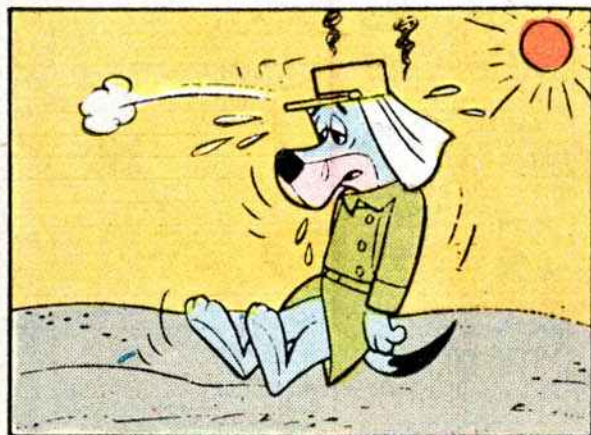
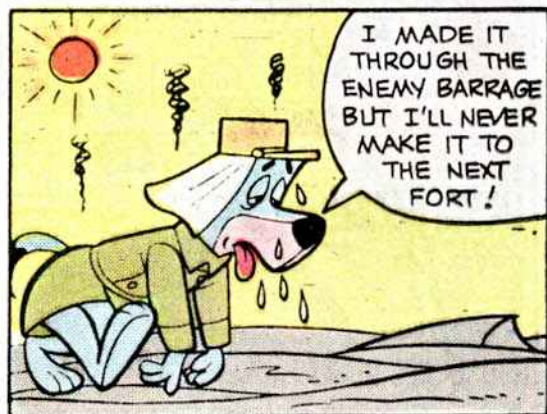
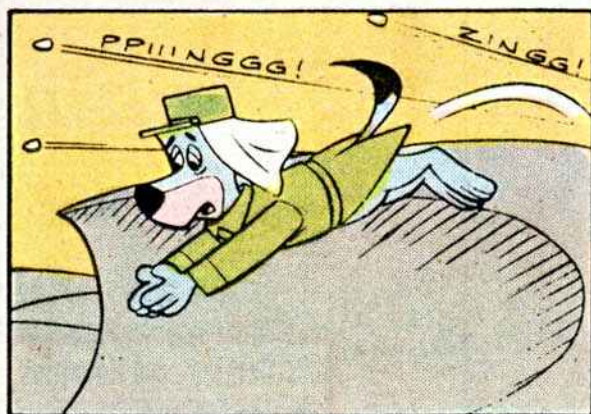
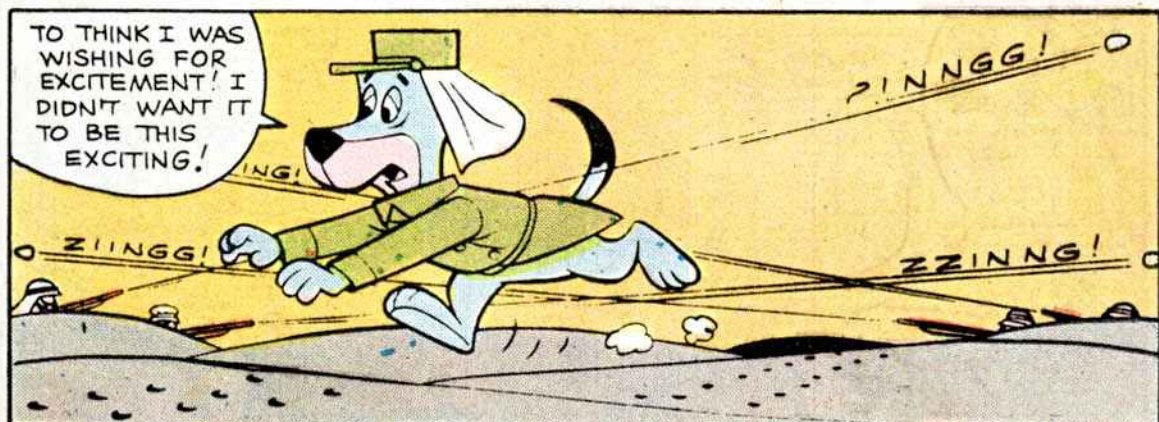
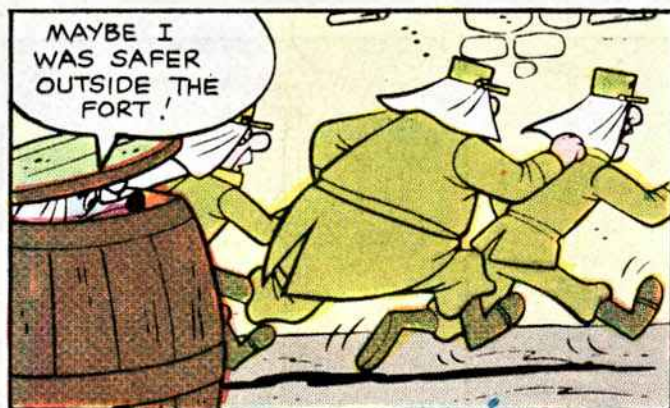


AND... I UNDERSTAND! WHEN THAT SPYING HOUND COMES PAST I'LL LET GO THE ROPE, PIERRE!

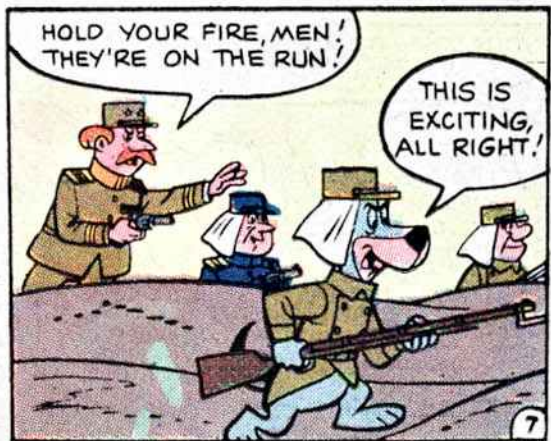
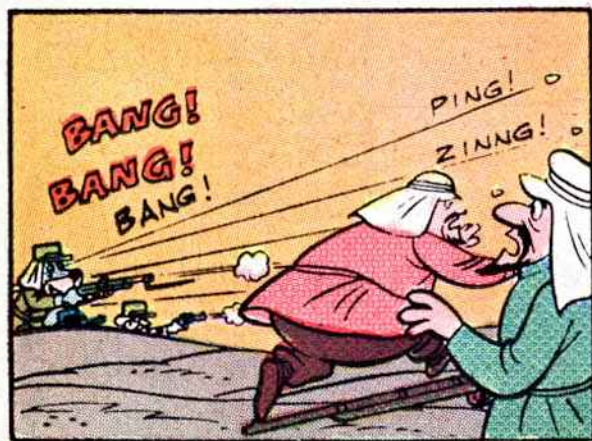
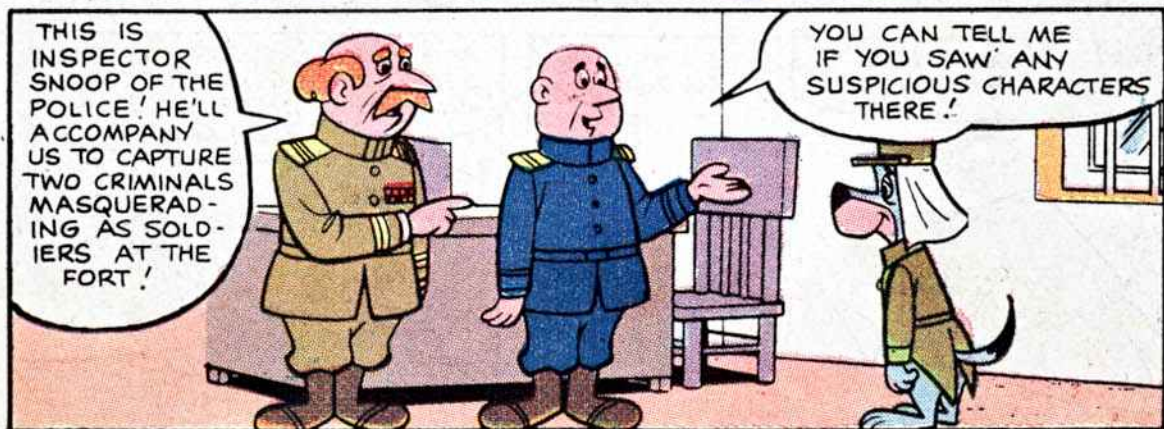
READY! HOLD ONTO THE ROPE AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

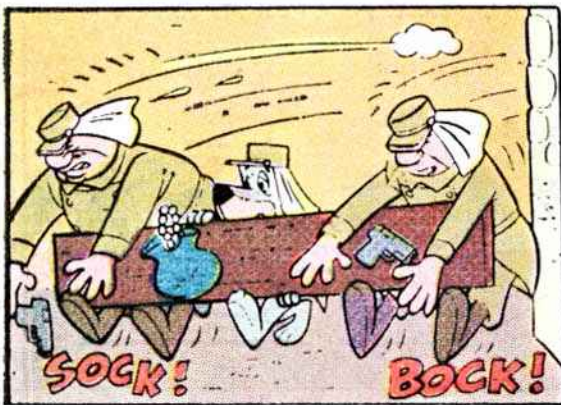






CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE





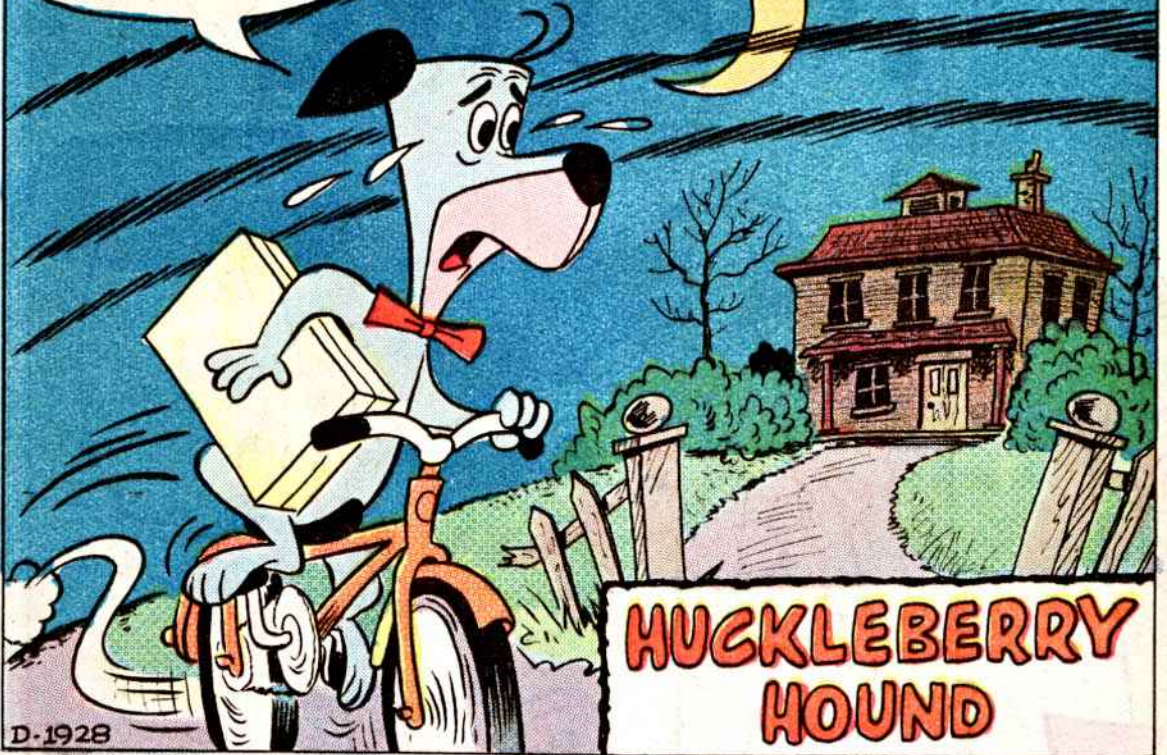
RIN-UP (FORMERLY KNOWN AS A FRAME UP)

HEY, YOU, HAVE YOU
SEEN ANYONE
FISHING AROUND
HERE?

F-FUH-FISHING?
OH, NO, SIR, NOBODY
EVER FISHES **HERE**,
SIR!

Boo Who!

GULP! IT'S THE
RIGHT ADDRESS!
(SHUDDER)



D-1928

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

WHO'S
THERE?

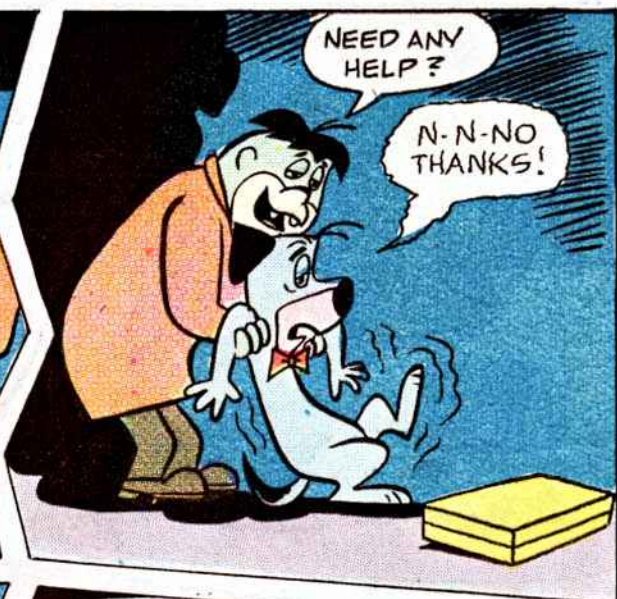
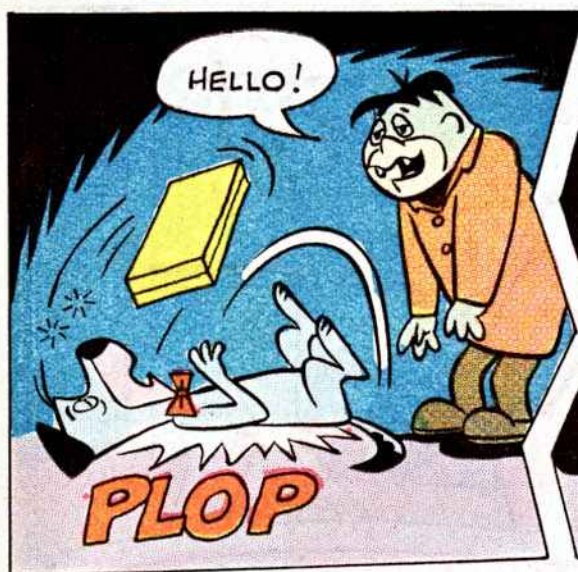
PACKAGE
DELIVERY!

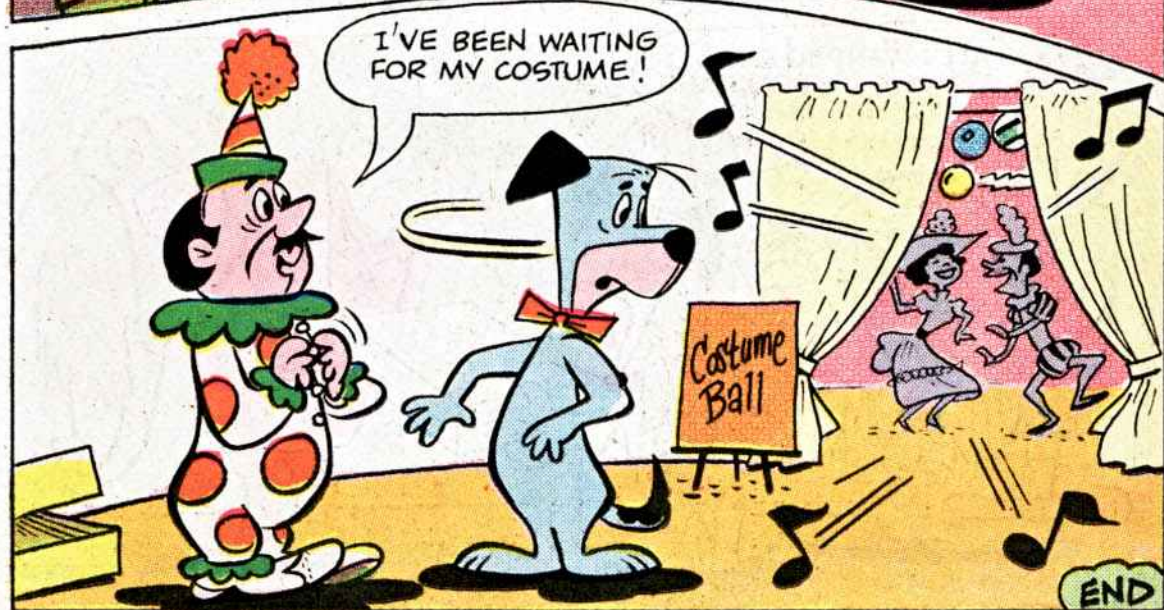
**KNOCK
KNOCK**

RAY
DIRGO

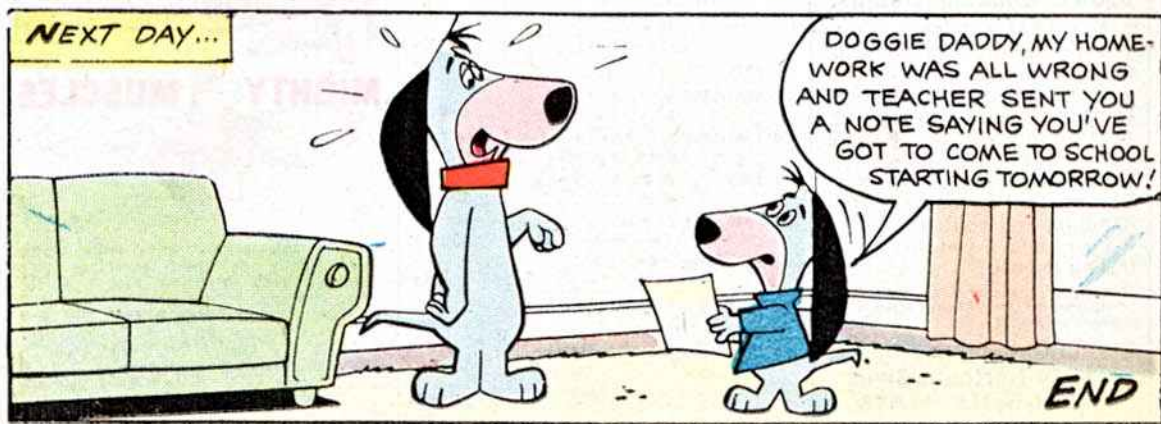
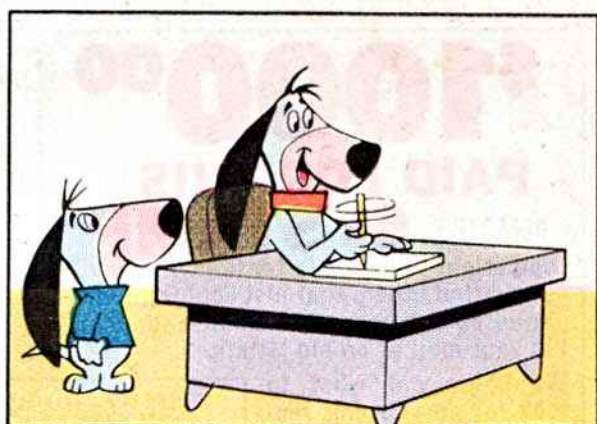
BRING
IT IN!

GULP!





AUGIE DOGGIE "HOMEWORK"



MAGILLA GORILLA *in* WATCH DOG

D-1930

MIND THE
STORE,
MAGILLA,
I'M GOING OUT
TO LUNCH.

YES SIR,
MR. PEBBLES!

I'M LOOKING
FOR A
WATCH
DOG.

WHERE DID
YOU LOSE
HIM, LADY?

NO, NO. I WANT
TO BUY A WATCH
DOG TO WATCH
OVER THINGS.

LIKE
WATCHES?

DIDN'T YOU BUY A WATCH
DOG FROM US YESTERDAY,
LADY?

SPLAT!

YES, I
DID.

WHERE
IS HE?

SOMEBODY
STOLE
HIM!

WHERE
IS HE?

END

BONERS, MOANERS², AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning of a thought clear, those kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Jimmy raised his hand. One look at his face and you could see something was bothering him. So I told him to stand.

"Teacher," he began. "Yesterday I did something bad at home. My mother told me she would tell my father about it when he came from work. She did just that. So he took me into the kitchen. Put me across his lap and he spanked me. He did it five times. And he said to me: 'My son, this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you. But you must learn a lesson.' So I want to know something, teacher. First of all, my father is a smart man. Why should he spank me if he gets hurt more than I get? This I do not understand at all. Next, what lesson did I learn? You see I broke an expensive tea cup. Since it broke once and my mother threw it away, I can't break it again. So I am puzzled. Will you help me?"

How do you get out of that one? I told him I would be very glad to talk it over with his father. When would he be able to bring him to school to see me? That was the end of that. Then on Tuesday we had a period called: "Tell a story." Frank was a new boy in our class. He raised his hand. He had a true adventure story to tell us. So he came up in front of the class and spoke:

"My father has a brother who lives in Alaska. Last year he took me with him when he visited his brother. My uncle is a famous hunter and trapper. There was a lot of snow on the ground. We had to hire a snowmobile to get to my uncle's cabin.

We were there for three days. My father went out to check on the snowmobile. He forgot to shut the door. And about five minutes later we

had an unexpected visitor: A very big bear. He was so big, you can't imagine it. There he was facing my uncle. And getting closer and closer.

"My rifle is loaded and at the side of the fireplace," my uncle told me. "Get it and hand it to me."

So I got the rifle and my finger was on the trigger. I pulled it. Just one shot. Right between the eyes of that big bear. He fell down dead. Right on top of my uncle. My father heard the shot and rushed into the house. We two could hardly move the bear. So my uncle told my father to go to a neighbor's cabin. Half a mile down the road. Which my father did. Came back with three other men. They lifted the bear from my uncle. Who wasn't hurt at all. So I became a big hero. Though I am a little fellow."

"That's a good story," I told Frank. "Did you see it on a TV program? Or read it in a book?"

"You mean you don't believe me?" he said in a very aggrieved tone of voice. "I'll bring my father. He will tell you that every word is true."

Want to know something? He did bring his father. And the father brought with him a slide projector. And showed slides of the bear that his son had killed. Everybody in the class was thrilled and happy. Frank was the hero of the school. However when the father was alone with me for a few minutes he explained:

"What my son said is the truth. Every word of it. What he forgot to mention or perhaps doesn't even remember it, is that he stumbled. And the gun went off. Killing the bear. But he is a hero just the same."

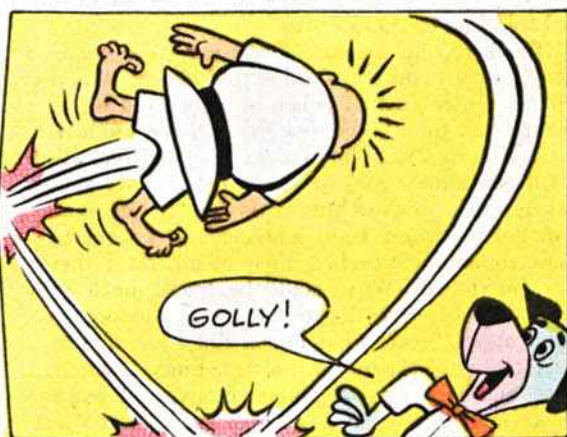
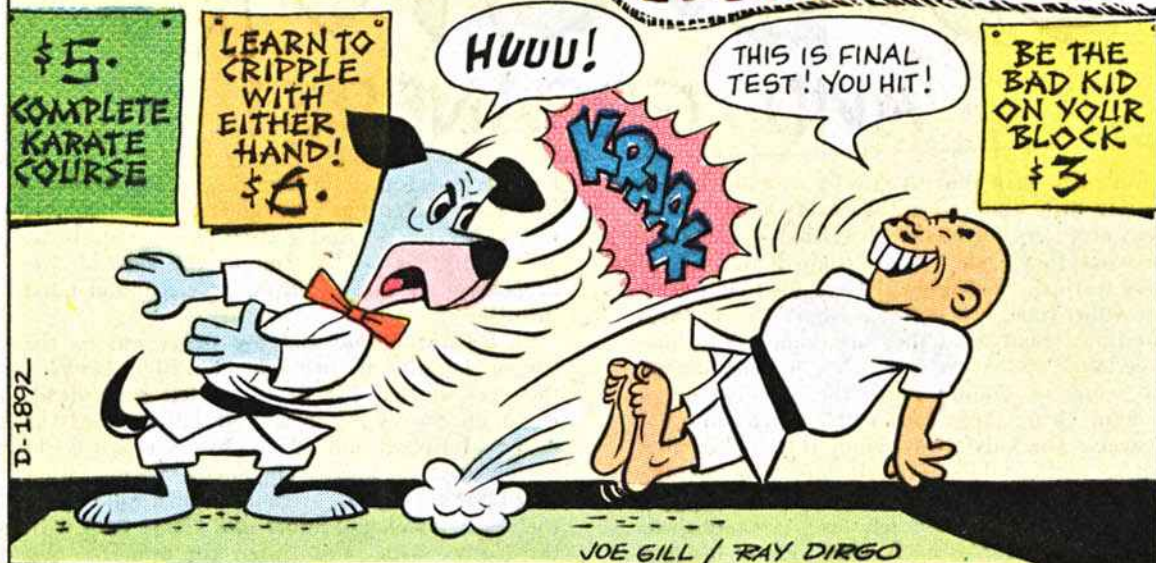
Once a year we had a parent-teacher-student party. The parent association of our school gave the party. Philip was my pass monitor. And a very good boy and well behaved. But at the party I noticed he had already finished seven cups of ice cream. Would get a cup, go to the corner, eat the contents, throw the cup into the basket and return for another cup.

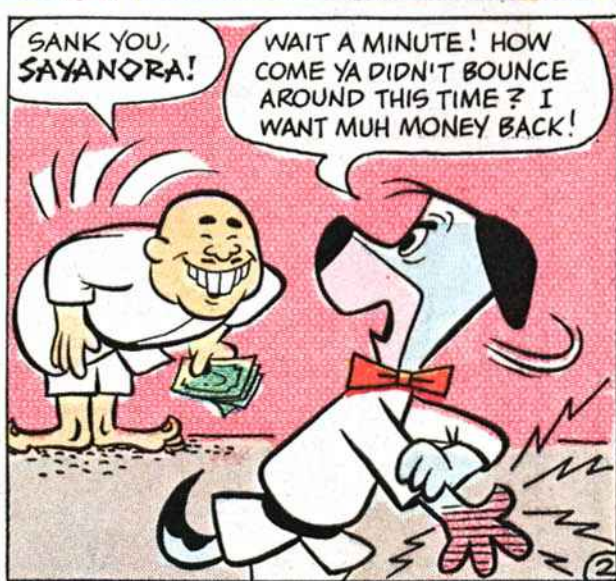
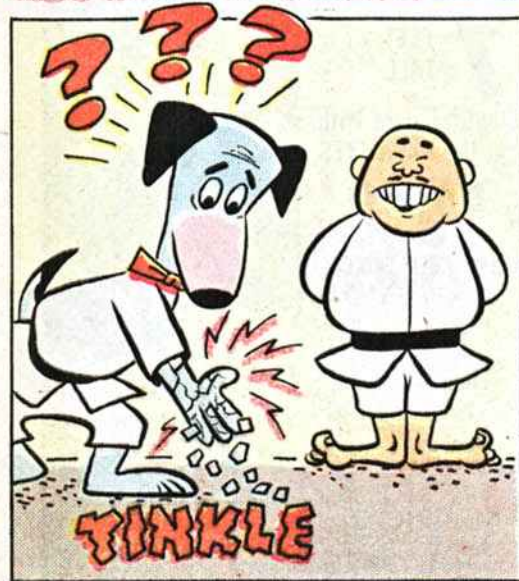
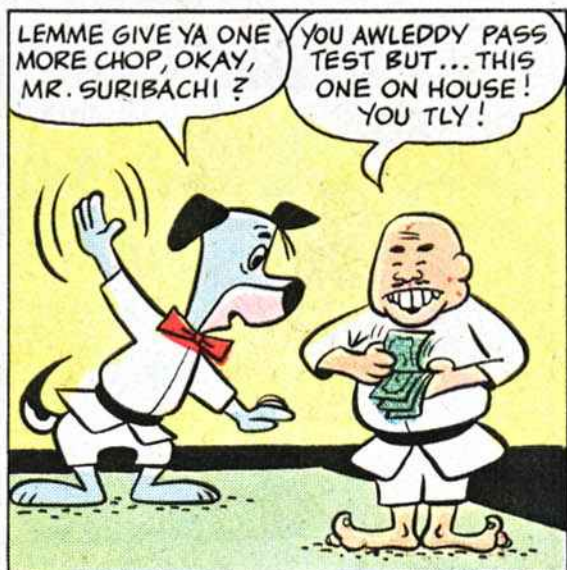
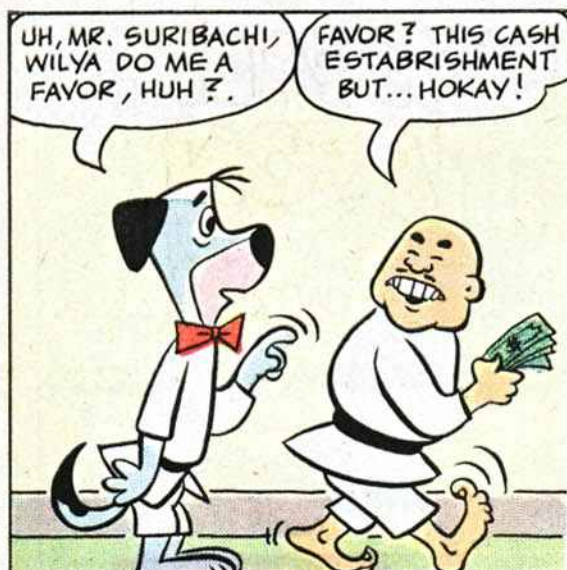
"Philip," I said, "Aren't you ashamed? What will people say when they find you are taking so many cups of ice cream?"

"Nothing," he smiled back at me. "I will just say that they are for you."

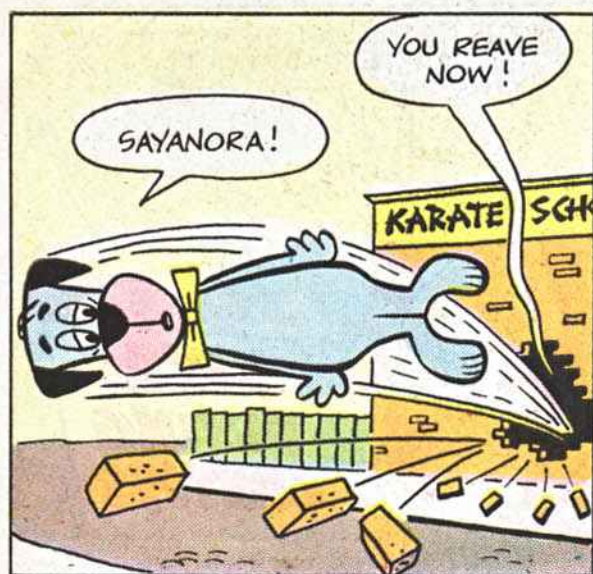
Until we meet again and I will tell you some more.

HUCKLEBERRY TWO DEADLY HOUND in ... WEAPONS





CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE



**HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND** in

MILE HIGH

D-1926

RAY
DIKGO

WHOEVER KEEPS THE
KITE IN THE AIR THE
LONGEST WINS THE
TEN DOLLARS!

I'LL JUST TIE THE
KITE TO MY WRIST!



I WONDER
IF THIS IS THE
ATLANTIC OR
PACIFIC
OCEAN?



I'VE HEARD OF TRAVELING
1st, 2nd AND 3rd
CLASS... BUT THIS
IS RIDICULOUS!



THE WINNER!
HERE'S YOUR TEN
DOLLARS!

